THE

HISTORIE OF A NOBLE AND VALIANT SQVYER WILLIAM MELDRVM, VMquhile Laird of Cleish and Binnes. Compyled be Sir David Lindesay of the Mount, aliâs, Lyon King of Armes.

The Testament of the said William Meldrum Squyer. Compyled alswa be Sir David Lindesay, &c.

Cicero. Philip. 14.

Proprium sapientis est grata eorum virtutem memoria prosequi, qui pro Patria vitam profuderunt.

Ovid. 2. Fast.

Et memorem famam qui bene gessit habet.

EDINBVRGH
Printed for RICHARD LAWSON. 1610.
With Licence.

THE

THE HISTORIE OF A NOBLE AND VALIANT Squyer *William M'Larom*, vmquhile Laird *of Gleſh and Binnes. Compyled by Sir* David Lindeſay of the Mont Knight alias, Lyon King of Armes.

Quho that antique ſtoryes reads
Conſider may the famous deeds
Of our noble Progenitours,
Quhilk ſonld to vs bene richt mirrours:
Their vertreous deeds to enſew
And vicious liuing to eſchew.
Sic men bene put in memorie,
That death ſould not confound their glorie.
Howbeit their bodies was abſent,
Their vertreous deeds bene preſent.
Poets their honour to aduance,
Hes put them in remembrance.
Some wryte of preclare Conquerours,
And ſome of valiant Emperours:
And ſome of noble michtie Kings,
That royallie did rule their Rings.
And ſome of Campions and of Knichts,
That bauldlie did defend their richts.
Quhilk valiantlie did ſtand in ſtour,
For the defence of their honour.
And ſome of Squyers douchtie deeds,
That wonderouſlie wrocht into their weeds.
Some wryte of deeds amorous,
As Chaucer wrate of Troilus:
How that he loued Creſſida,

Of Jason and of Medea:
With helpt of Cleo I intend,
Sa Minerue waid me sapience send:
Ane noble Squyer to discriue,
Quhois douchtines during his liue.
I knowe my selfe, thereof I wryte,
And all his deeds I dar indyte:
And secreets that I did not knaw,
That noble Squyer did me shaw.
Sa I intend the best I can,
Discriue the deeds and the man,
Quhois youth did occupy in loue,
Full pleasantlie without reproue,
Quhilk did as many douchtie deeds,
As many ane, as men of reads:
Quhilk Poets puts in memorie,
For the craiting of their glorie.
Quherefor I thinke as God me saue,
He sould haue place amonst the laue:
That his hie honour sould not smure,
Considering quhat he did indure,
Oft times for his Ladies sake,
I wait sir Lancelot dulaik,
Quhen he did loue King Arthures wife,
Faucht neuer better with sword nor knife.
For his Ladie in no battell,
Nor had not halfe so iust querell.
The veritie quha list declare,
His Loue was ane adulterare.
And durst not come into her sicht,
But like ane Houlat on the nicht.
With this Squyer it stude not so,
His Ladie loued him and no mo.
Husband nor Leman had she none,
And so he had her loue allone.

I think

I think it is no happie life,
Ane man to serue his masters wife.
As did Lancelot this I conclude,
Of sic amour could come na gude.

¶ Now to my purpose will I pas,
And schew you how the Squyer was,
Ane gentle man of Scotland borne,
Sa was his Father him beforne.
Of Nobles kinallis discended,
Quhilks their gude fame hes euer defended.
Gude Williame Meldrum he was named,
Quhilk in his honour was neuer defamed.
Stalwart and stout in euery strife,
And borne within the Shire of Fife.
To Cleish and Binnes richt heritour,
Quhilk stude for loue in many stour.
He was but twentie yeares of age,
Quhen he began his vassalage.
Proportionate well of mid stature,
Feirie and wicht, and micht indure.
Ouerset with trauell bath nicht and day,
Richt hardie both in earnest and play:
Blyth in countenance, richt fair in face,
And stude ay well in his Ladies grace.
For he was wonder amiable,
And in his deeds honourable.
And ay his honour did aduance,
In England first and then in France.
And there his manhood did assaill,
Under the Kings great Admirall,
Quhen the great Naue of Scotland,
Passed to the sea against England.
And as they passed be Ireland coast,
The Admirall gart land his hoast,
And set Craigfergus into fire,

And saued neither barne nor byre.
It was great pitie for to heare,
Of the people the baitfull cheare,
And how the land folke were spulied,
Fair wemen vnder fute were fuilied.
But this young Squyer bauld and wicht,
Saued all wemen quhere he micht.
All Preists and Friers he did saue,
Till at the last he did perceiue
Behinde ane Garden amiable,
Ane womans voice richt lamentable:
And on that voice he followed fast,
Till he did see her at the last,
Spulied naked as she was borne,
Two men of weir were her before:
Quhilk were richt cruell men and kene,
Part and the spulzie them betuene.
Ane fairer woman nor she was,
He had not seene at any place.
Before him on her knees she fell,
Sayand for him that herried hell,
Helpe me sweet sir, I am a Maid,
Then softlie to the men he said,
I pray you giue againe her sarke,
And take to you all ither warke:
Her kirtle was of scarlet read,
Of gould ane garland on her head:
Decored with enamelyne,
Belt and bretches of siluer fine.
Of yallow taffitie was her sark,
Begaried all with broudered warke:
Richt craftilie with gould and silke,
Then said the Ladie quhite as milk,
Except my sark nothing I craue,
Let them go hence with all the laue.

Quod

Quod they to her, be Saint Fillane,
Of this ye get na thing againe.
Then said the Squyer courteouſlie,
Gude friends I pray you heartfullie
Sik ye be worthie men of weir,
Reſtore to her againe her geir:
Or be great God that all hes wrocht,
That ſpuilzie ſall be full deare bocht.
Quod they to him, we thee defy,
And drew their ſwordes haſtily:
And ſtrake at him with ſa great ire,
That from the harnes flew the fire:
With dints ſa derflie on him dang,
That he was neuer in ſick thrang:
But he him manfullie defended,
And with ane boult on them he bended,
And hat the ane vpon the head,
That to the ground he fel doun dead
For to the teeth he did him cleik,
Let him ly there with ane miſchiek.
Then with the vther hand for hand,
He beate him with his birneſt brand:
The vther was both ſtout and ſtrang,
And on the Squer derflie dang.
And then the Squyer wrocht great wonder,
Ay till his ſpeir did ſhake in ſunder,
Then drew he forth ane ſharpe dager,
And did him cleik be the colar,
And euen in at the colar bane,
At the firſt ſtraik he hes him ſlane.
He founded forward to the ground,
Yet was the Squyer haill and ſound:
For quhy? he was ſa weill enarmed,
He did eſchape fra them vnharmed.
And quhen he ſaw they were baith ſlane,

He to that Ladie past againe.
Quhere she stude naiked on the bent,
And said, take youre abulzement.
And she him thanked full humbillie,
And put her cloathes on spedilie.
Than kissed he that Ladie fair,
And tuke his leaue at her but mair.
Be that the Taberne and Trumpet blew,
And euerie man to shipburde drew.
That Ladie was dolent in heart.
From time she saw he wald depart:
That her releeued of her harmes,
And hint the Squyer in her armes:
And said, will ye bide in this land,
I sall you take to my Husband.
Thocht I be cassen now in caire,
I am (quod she) my fathers heire:
The quhilk may spend of pennies round,
Of yearlie rent ane thousand pound.
With that heartlie she did him kis,
Are ye (said she) content of this?
Of that (quod he) I walde be faine,
Gif I micht in this Realme remaine.
But I must first passe into France,
So quhen I come againe perchance.
And after that the peace be made,
To marie you I will be glade.
Fairwell I may no langer tarie,
I pray God keepe you and sweet S. Marie.
Then gaue she him ane loue taking,
Ane rich Rubie set in ane ring.
I am (quod she) at your command,
Wisth you to passe into Scotland.
I thanke you heartfullie (quod he)
Ye are ouer young to saull the sea.

And specialle with men of weir,
Of that (quod she) take ye na feir.
I call me cleith in mens claiss,
And ga with yon quhere euer ye plies.
Sould I not loue my paramour,
That saued my life and my honour?
Ladie I say you in certaine,
Ye sall haue loue for loue againe.
Truelie vnto my liues end,
Fairwell, to God I you commend.
With that into his Boat he past,
And to the ship he rowed fast.
They weyed their ankers and made saill.
This Naue with the Admirall,
And landed into bauld Brytane,
This Admirall was Earle of Arrane.
Quhilk was both wise and valiand,
Of the blude Royall of Scotland.
Accompanied with many ane knicht,
Quhilk were richt worthe men and wicht.
Amang the laue this young Squyer,
Was with him richt familiar:
And throuch his vertewis diligence,
Of that Lord he got sic credence:
That quhen he did his courage ken,
Gaue him cure of fiue hundereth men:
Quhilks were to him obedient,
Readie at his commandement.
It were too long for to declare,
The douchtie deeds that he did there.
Becaule he was so couragious,
Ladies of him were amourous.
He was ane Wunzeon for ane Dame,
Meeke in chalmer like ane Lambe.
But in the field ane Campion,

Rampand like ane wylde Lyon:
Well practiked with speir and sheeld,
And with the foremest in the feild;
No Chiftane was amongs them all,
In expenses mair liberall.
In euery play he wan the pryse,
With that he was vertevous and wyse.
And sa becaule he was well proued,
With euerie man he was well loued.

HARIE the aucht King of England,
That time at Calcis was lyand,
With his triumphand ordinance,
Makand weir on the Realme of France.
The King of France his great armie,
Lay neir hand by in Picardie.
Quhere either vther did assaull,
Howbeit there was na set battell.
But their was daily skirmishing,
Quhere men of armes brake many sting.
Quhen to the Squyer Meldrum,
Was tauld thir nouels all and sum:
He thoucht he wald vesie the weirs,
And wailled furth ane hundreth speirs:
And futemen quhilk were bauld and stout,
The maist worthie of all his rout.

Quhen he came to the King of France,
He was soone put in ordinance.
Richt sa was all his companie.
That on him waited continuallie.
There was into the English hoast,
Ane Campion that blew great boast:
He was ane stout man and ane strang,
Quhilk hoast wald with his conduct gang:
Out throw the great armie of France,

His

His vallantnes for to aduance.
And master Talbert was his name,
Of Scots and Frenche quhilk spak disdaine.
And on his Bonnet vsed to beir,
Of siluer fine, tokens of weir.
And Proclamations he gart make,
That he wald for his Ladies sake,
With any gentis man of France,
To fecht with him with speir or lance.
Bot na Frenchman in all that land,
With him durst battell hand for hand,
Then like ane weirlour valiand,
He entered in the Scottes band.
And quhen the Squyer Meldrum,
Heard tell this Campion was cum:
Richt hastilie he past him till,
Demanding him what was his wil
For suth I can finde none (quod he)
On horse nor fute dare fecht with me.
Then said he, it were great shame,
Without battell ye sould passe hame.
Therefore to God I make ane vow,
The morne my selfe sall fecht with you:
Outher on horsebak or on fute,
Your crabs I count them not ane cute.
I sall be found into the field,
Armed on horse with speir and shield.
Master Talbert said my gude childe,
It were maist like that thou were wilde:
Thou art sa young, and hes na micht,
To fecht with me that am sa wicht.
To speik to me thou sould haue feir,
For I haue sic practick in weir,
That I walde not effeired bee,
To make debate againis sic three.

Rampand like ane wylde Lyon:
Well practiked with speir and sheeld,
And with the foremest in the feild,
No Chiftane was amongs them all,
In expenses mair liberall.
In euery play he wan the pryse,
With that he was vertevous and wyse.
And sa becaus he was well proued,
With euerie man he was well loued.

HARIE the aucht King of England,
That time at Calais was lyand,
With his triumphand ordinance,
Makand weir on the Realme of France.
The King of France his great armie,
Lay neir hand by in Picardie.
Quhere either vther did assaill,
Howbeit there was na set battell.
But their was daily skirmishing,
Quhere men of armes brake many sting.
Quhen to the Squyer Meldrum,
Was tauld thir nouels all and sum:
He thought he wald belie the weirs,
And wailled furth ane hundreth speirs:
And futemen quhilk were bauld and stout,
The maist worthie of all his rout.

Quhen he came to the King of France,
He was soone put in ordinance.
Richt sa was all his companie,
That on him waited continuallie.
There was into the English hoast,
Ane Campion that blew great boast:
He was ane stout man and ane strang,
Quhilk hoast wald with his rondnet gang:
Out throw the great armie of France,

His

His vallantnes for to aduance.
And master Talbert was his name,
Of Scots and Frenche quhilk spak disdaine.
And on his Bonnet vsed to beir,
Of siluer fine, tokens of weir.
And Proclamations he gart make,
That he wald for his Ladies sake,
With any gentle man of France,
To fecht with him with speir or lance.
Bot na Frenchman in all that land,
With him durst battell hand for hand.
Then like ane weirlour valiand,
He entered in the Scottes band.
And quhen the Squyer Meldrum,
Heard tell this Campion was cum:
Richt hastilie he past him till,
Demanding him what was his wil
For suth I can finde none (quod he)
On horse nor fute dare fecht with me.
Then said he, it were great shame,
Without battell ye sould passe hame.
Therefore to God I make ane vow,
The morne my selfe sall fecht with you.
Outher on horseback or on fute,
Your crabs I count them not ane cute.
I sall be found into the field,
Armed on horse with speir and shield.
Master Talbert said my gude childe,
It were maist like that thou were wilde:
Thou art sa young, and hes na micht,
To fecht with me that am sa wicht.
To speik to me thou sould haue feir,
For I haue sic practick in weir,
That I walde not effeired bee,
To make debate againis sic three.

For I haue stand in many stour,
And ay defended my honour.
Therefore my Barne I counsell thee,
Sic interpryles to let bee.
Then said the Squyer to the Knicht,
I grant ye are both great and wicht.
Young David was far les then I,
Quhen he with Golias manfullie,
Withouten either speir or shield,
He faucht and slew him in the field.
I traist that God sall be my gyde,
And giue me grace to stanche thy pryde.
Thocht thou be great like Gwo Makmorne,
Traist well I sall you meet the morne,
Beside Montrule vpon the grene,
Before nine houres I sall be sene:
And gif ye win me in the field,
Both horse and geare I sall you yeild:
Bot a that sicklike ye do to me,
That sall I do be God (quod he)
And thereto I giue thee my hand,
And sa betweene them made ane band,
That they sould meet vpon the morne,
But Talbert made at him but scorne:
Lichtlied him with wordes of pryde,
Syne hameward to his hoast can ryde.
And schew the brethren of the Land,
How ane young Scot had tane on hand,
To ficht with him beside Montrule,
Bot I traist he sall proue the fule,
Quod they the morne that sall we ken,
The Scots are haldin hardie men.
Quod he I count him not ane cure,
He sall returne vpon his fure:
And leaue with me his armour bricht,

For

For well I wait he hes no micht:
On horse nor fute to fecht with me,
Quod they the morne that sall we se
Quhen to Monseur de Obenie,
Reported was the veritie.
How that the Squyer had tane on hand,
To fecht with Talbert hand for hand.
His great courage he did commend,
Syne hastilie did for him send.
And quhen he came before the Lord,
The veritie he did record.
How for the honour of Scotland,
That battell he had tane on hand.
And sen it giues me in my heart,
Get I ane horse to take my part.
My traist is sa in Gods grace,
To leaue him lyand in that place.
Howbeit he stalwart be and stout,
My Lord of him I haue no doubt.
Then send the Lord out throw the land,
And gat ant hundereth horse fra hand:
To his presence he broucht in haist,
And bade the Squyer cheis the best.
Of that the Squyer was reioised,
And cheised the best as he supposed:
And lap on him deliuerlie,
Was neuer horse ran mair pleasantlie,
With speir and sword at his command,
And was the best of all the land:
He tuke his leaue, and went to rest,
Syne airlie on the morne him drest.
Wantoulie in his weirlike weed,
All well enarmed saif the head.
He lap vpon his Cursour wicht,
And straucht him in his stirops richt.

His speir and sheeld, and helme was borne,
With Squyers that raid him beforne:
Ane velvet cap on head he bare,
Ane quaik of golde to hide his hare.
This Lord of him tuke sa great joy,
That he himselfe wolde him convoy.
With him ane hundreth men of armes,
That there sould no man do him harmes.
The Squyer bure into his sheeld,
Ane Otter in ane siluer feeld.
His horse was barded full richlie,
Covered with Saten Cramesie.
Then forward raid this Campion,
With sound of trumpet and clarion.
And speidilie spurred ouer the bent,
Like Mars the God armipotent.
Thus leaue we rydand our Squyer,
And speake of master Talbert mair.
Quhilk gat vp airlie on the morrow,
And no manner of geir to borrow:
Horse, Harnes, Speir and Sheild,
Bot was ay readie to the field.
And had sic practick into weir.
Of our Squyer he tuke na feir.
And said vnto his companion,
Or we come forth of this Pauilion:
This nicht I sa'w into my dreame,
Quhilk to rehearse I thinke great shame.
Me thocht I sa'w come from the sea,
Ane great Otter rydand to mee:
The quhilk was black with ane lang taill,
And cruellie did me assaill.
And beat me till he gart me bleed,
And drew me backward from my stead.
Quhat this sould meane, I can not say,

Bot I was neuer in ſic ane fray.
His fellow ſaid, thinke ye not ſhame,
For to giue credence till ane dreame.
Ye knaw it is agains our Faith,
Therefore gadres your in your graith.
And thinke well thrw your hie courage,
This day ye ſall win vaſſalage.
Then dreſt he him into his geir,
wantonlie like ane man of weir.
Quhilk had both hardines and force,
And lichtlie lap vpon his horſe.
His horſe was bairded full brauelie,
And couered was richt courtfullie.
with broudered warke and veluot grene,
Sanct George Croce their micht be ſene.
On horſe, haznes, and all his geir.
Then raid he furth withoutten weir:
Conuoyed with his Capitane,
And with many ane Engliſhman,
Arrayed all with armes bricht,
Micht na man ſee ane fairer ſicht.
Then Clarions and trumpets blew,
And weiriours many hither drew.
On euerie ſide come many man,
To behalde quha the battell wan.
The field was in ane Medow grene,
Quhere euery man micht well be ſene:
The Heraulds put them ſa in ordour,
That na man preiſſed within the bordour:
Nor preſſed to come within the grene,
Bot Heraulds and the Campions kene.
The ordour and the circumſtance,
were lang to put in remembrance.
Quhen thir twa noble men of weir,
were well accountered in their geir.

And in their hands ſtrang burdonns,
Then Trumpets blew and Clarioums.
And Heralds cryed hie on hieht,
Now let them go, God ſhew the richt.
Then ſpedelie they ſpurred their horſe,
And ran to vther with ſic force,
That baith their ſpeirs in ſunder flaw,
Then laid they all that ſtude on raw.
Ane better courſe nor they twa ran,
was not ſen the world began.
Then baith the parties were reſoiſed,
The Campions ane quhile reposed:
Till they had gotten ſpeirs new,
Then with triumph the trumpets blew:
And they with all the force they can,
Wonder rudelie at vther ran:
And ſtrake at vther with ſa great ire,
That fra their harnes fleſh the fire:
Their ſpeirs were ſa touch and ſtrang,
That either vther to earth down dang.
Baith horſ and man with ſpeir and ſhield,
Then flatlings lay into the field.
Then Maiſter Talbert was aſhamed,
Forſuth for euer I am defamed:
And ſaid, that I had rather die.
Without that I reuenged be.
Our young Squyer ſic was his hap,
Was firſt on fute, and on he lap
Upon his horſe, without ſupport,
Of that the Scots take gude comfort.
Quhen they ſaw him ſa fiercelie.
Loup on his horſe ſa galzeardlie.
The Squyer lifted the viſair,
Ane litle ſpace to take the air.
They bade him wine, and he it dranke,

And

And humbelie he did them thanke.
Be that Talbert on hoyse was mounted,
And of our Squyer litle counted:
And cryed gif he durst vndertake,
To run anes for his Ladies sake.
The Squyer cryed hie on hicht,
That sall I do be Marie hricht.
I am content all day to rin,
Till ane of vs the honour win.
Of that Talbert was well content,
And ane great speir in hand he hint.
The Squyer in his hand he thrang,
His speir quhilk was haith stif and lang:
With ane sharpe head of grunden steill,
Of quhilk he was appleased weill.
That pleasant field was lang and braid,
Quhere gay ordour and roum was made:
And euery man micht haue gude sicht,
And there was many Weirlike Knicht.
Some man of euerie Nation,
Was in that Congregation.
Then trumpets blew triumphantlie,
And they twa Campions egerlie:
They spurred their hoyse with speir on breist
Heartlie to proue their pith they preist.
That round rink roum was at vtterance,
Bot Talberts hoyse with ane mischance.
He vttered, and to rin was laith,
Quhereof Talbert was wonder wrath:
The Squyer forth his rink he ran,
Commended well with euerie man:
And him discharged of his speir,
Honestlie like ane man of weir.
Because that rink they ran in vaine,
Then Talbert wald not rin againe.

Till he had gotten ane better steed,
Quhilk was brocht to him with great speed.
Quhereon he lap and tuke his speir,
As bryme as he had bene ane beir.
And bonted ford wart with ane bend,
And ran on to the Rinks end.
And saw his horse was at command,
Then was he blyth I vnderstand.
Traistand na mair to rin in vaine,
Then all the trumpets blew againe.
Be that with all the force they can,
They richt rudelie at vther ran.
Of that meeting ilke man thocht wonder,
Quhilk sounded like ane crak of thunder.
And nane of them their marrow mist,
Sir Talberts speir in sunder brist.
Bot the Squyer with his burdeoun,
Sir Talbert to the earth dang doun.
That strake was with sic micht and force,
That on the ground lay man and horse.
And throw the brydle hand him bare,
And in the breast ane span and mair.
Throw cuiras and throw gloues of plate,
That Talbert micht make na debate.
The trencheour of the Squyers speir,
Stak still into sir Talberts geir:
Then euerie man into the stead,
Did all beleue that he was dead.
The Squyer lap richt hastilie,
From his Cursour deiuerlie.
And to sir Talbert made support,
And humblie did him comfort.
Quhen Talbert saw into his shield,
Ane Otter in ane siluer field:
This race, sasd he, I may sair rew,

For I see well my dreame is trew.
Me thocht ane Otter gart me bleed,
And bure me backward fra my steed.
Bot here I vow to God Soueraine,
That I sall neuer just againe.
And sweetlie to the Squyer he said,
Thou knawes the cunning that we made:
Quhilk of vs twa sould win the field,
He sould baith horse and armour yeeld,
Till him that wan, quherefore I will,
My horse and harnes gine thee till.
Then said the Squyer courteouslie,
Brother I thanke you heartfullie:
Of you forsuth nothing I crane,
For I haue gotten that I wald haue.
With euerie man he was commended,
Sa valiantlie he him defended.
The Capitane of the English band,
Tuke the young Squyer be the hand,
And led him to the Pauilion,
And gart him take collation.
Quhen Talberts woundes wer bund vp fast,
The English Capitane to him past:
And prudentlie did him comfort,
Syne said, brother I you exhort,
To take the Squyer be the hand,
And sa he did at his command:
And said, this bene bot chance of armies,
With that he braist him in his armes:
Sayand, heartlie I you forgine,
And then the Squyer tuke his leaue.
Commended well with euery man,
Then wichtlie on his horse he wan:
With many a noble man conuoyed,
Leaus we there Talbert sair annoyed.

Some sayes of that discomfitour,
He thocht sic shame and dishonour:
That he departed off the land,
And neuer was sene into England.
Bot our Squyer did still remaine
After the weir till peace was tane.
All Capitanes of the Kings Gaird,
Gaue to the Squyer rich rewardes.
Becaus he had sa well debated,
With euerie Noble he was well treated.
After the weir he tuke licence,
Syne did returne with diligence,
From Picardie to Normandie,
And there ane space remained he.
Becaus the Naue of Scotland,
Was still vpon the Coast lyand.
Quhen he ane quhile had soiorned,
He to the Court of France returned.
For to decorde his vassalage,
From Bartanzie tuke his viage,
With aucht score in his companie,
Of wailled wicht men and hardie.
Enarmed well like men of weir,
With Hagbit, Culuering, Pick and Speir,
And passed vp throuch Normandie,
Till Ambiance in Picardie.
Quhere noble Lowes the King of France,
Was lyand with his Ordinance.
With many ane Prince and noble man,
And in the Court of France was than.
Ane maruellous Congregation.
Of many sundrie Nation.
Of England many ane prudent Lord,
After the weir makand record.
There was then ane Ambassadour,

Ane

Ane Lord, ane man of great honour.
With him was many ane noble Knicht
Of Scotland to defend their richt.
Quhilk guyded them sa honestlie,
Englishmen had them at muy.
And purposed to make them cumber,
Because they were of greater number.
And sa quhere euer they with them met,
Upon the Scots they made on set.
And like wylde Lyons furious,
They laid ane sege about the houle.
Them to destroy sa they intended,
Our worthie Scots them well defended.
The Sutheron was ay flue for ane,
Sa on like side there was men slaue.
The Englishmen cryed in great ire,
And cryed sweith set the houle in fire.
Be that the Squyer Meldrum,
Into the Market streit was cum:
With his folkes in gude array,
And saw the toun was in ane fray.
He did inquire the occasioun,
Quod they, the Scots are all put doun,
Be Englishmen into their Innes,
Quod he I walde giue all the Binnes,
That I micht come ere they departed,
With that he grew sa cruell hearted.
That he was like ane wyld Lyon,
And rudelie ran out throw the toun,
With all his companie well arrayed,
And with their Banner braid displayed.
And quhen they saw the English rout,
They set vpon them with ane shout.
And reird sa rudelie on them rushed.
That skrie to the earth they dushed.

There was nocht elſe bot take and ſlay.
The Squyer wonders did that day.
And ſtoutlie ſtopped in the ſtour,
And dang on them with dints dour.
Was neuer man bure better hand,
There mirht na buckler byde his brand.
For it was well ſeuen quarter lang,
With that ſa derflie on them he dang.
That like ane worthie Campioun,
Ay at ane ſtrake he dang ane doun.
Some was euill hurt, and ſome was ſlane,
Some fell and raiſ not yet againe.
Quhen that the Suthron ſaw that ſicht,
Affrayedlie they tuke the flicht:
And wiſt not quhere to flee for haſte,
Thus throw the toun he hes them chaſte.
Were not French men came to the reddinz,
Thair had bene mekill mair blude ſhedding.
¶ Of this iourney I make ane end,
Quhilk euerie noble did commend.
Quhen to the King the caſe was knawen,
And all the ſuth vnto him ſhawen:
How this Squyer ſa manfullie,
On Suthron wan the victorie.
He put him into ordinance,
And ſa he did remaine in France.
Ane certaine tyme for his pleaſure,
Well eſteemed in great honour.
Quhere he did many ane noble deed,
With that richt wanton in his weed.
Quhen Ladies knew his hie courage,
He was deſired in mariage:
Be ane Ladie of great rent,
Bot youth made him ſa inſolent,
That he in France wald not remaine,

Bot

Bot came to Scotland hame againe.
Thocht French Ladies did for him mourne,
The Scots were glade of his returne.
At euerie Lord he tuke his leaue,
Bot his departing did them greue,
For he was loued with all wichts.
Quhilk had him sene defend his richts.
Scots Capitanes did him conuoy,
Thocht his departing did them noy.
At Deepe he made him for the saill,
Quhere he furnished ane gay veshell.
For himselfe and his men of Weir.
With artalzie, hagbute, bow and speir,
And furnished her with gude victuall,
With the best Wine that he could waill.
And quhen the ship was readie made,
He lay bot ane day in the Rade.
Quhill he gat Winde of the southeast,
Then they their ankers weyed in haste.
And syne made saill and forward past,
Ane day at morne till at the last,
Of ane great saill they gat ane sicht,
And Phœbus shew his beames bricht.
Into the morning richt airlie,
Then past the skipper richt spedelie.
Up to top with richt great feir,
And saw it was ane man of Weir.
And cryed I see nocht else perdee,
Bot we mon either fecht or flee.
The Squyer was in his bed lyand,
Quhen he heard tell this new tydand.
Be this the English artalzie,
Like hailshot made on them assailzie.
And slopped throw their fechting sailes,
And diuers dang out ouer the wailes.

The Scots againe with all their micht,
Of gunnes they let flee ane flicht:
That they micht well see quhere they wer,
Heades and armes flew in the air.
The Scots ship she was sa law,
That many gunnes out ouer her flaw:
Quhilk far beyond them lichted doun,
Bot the English great Galyeoun,
Fornent them stude like ane strang Castell.
That the Scots gunnes micht na way faill.
Bot hat her ay on the richt side,
With many ane slop for all her pryde.
That mauy ane bift were on their backs,
Then rais the reik with vglie cracks.
Quhilk on the sea made sic ane sound,
That in the air it did redound.
That men micht well wit on the land,
That shippes were on the sea fechtand.
Be this the gyder strake the ships,
And either on vther laid the clips.
And then began the strang battell,
Ilke man his morrow did assaill.
Sa rudelie they did rush together,
That nane micht hald their feet for slidder.
Some with Halbert and some with speir,
Bot Hagbuts did the greatest deir.
Out of the top the grunden darts,
Did diuerse yeatse out throuch the hearts.
Euerie man did his diligence,
Upon his foe to worke vengence.
Rushand on either routs rude,
That ouer the wolles ran the blude.
The English Capitane cryed hie,
Sweith yeeld you dogs, or ye sall die.
And do ye not I make ane bow,

That

That Scotland sall be quiteof you.
Then peartlie answered the Squyer,
And said, O tratour tauerner,
I let the wit thou hes na micht.
This day to put vs to the flicht.
They derflie ay at vther dang,
The Squyer thirsted throw the thrang:
And in the English ship he lap,
And hat the Capitane sic ane flap
Upon his head till he fell doun,
Weltrand intill ane deadlie soun,
And quhen the Scottes saw the Squyer,
Had striken doun the rank Riuer:
They left their awen ship standand waist,
And in the English ship in haist.
They followed all these Capitane,
And soone was al the suthron slane.
Howbeit they were of greater number,
The Scotsmen put them in sic cumber,
That they were faine to leaue the field,
Cryand mercie, then did them yeelde.
Yet was the Squyer straikand fast,
At the Captane, till at the last,
Quhen he perseued na remead,
Outher to yeeld, or to be dead.
He said, O gentle Capitane,
Thole me not for to be slane.
My life to you shall be mair prise,
Nor sall my death ane thousand syse.
For ye may get, as I suppose,
Thre thousand nobles of the Rose.
Of me, and of my companie,
Therefore I cry you loud mercie.
Except my life, nothing I craue,
Take you the ship and all the lane.

I yeeld to you baith sword and knife,
Therefore gude master saue my life.
The Squyer tuke him be the hand,
And on his fute he gart him stand.
And treated him richt tenderlie,
And syne vnto his men did cry:
And gaue to them richt strait command,
To straik na mair, bot hald their hand.
Then baith their Capitanes ran and red,
And sa there was na mair blude shed.
Then all the laue they did them yeeld,
And to the Scots gaue sword and sheeld.
Ane noble Leich the Squyer had,
Quhereof the English hoast was glad.
To quhom the Squyer gaue command,
The wounded men to take on hand.
And sa he did with diligence,
Quhereof he gat gude recompence.
Then quhen the wounded men were drest,
And all the dyand men confest:
And dead men cassen in the sea,
Quhilk to behald was great pitie.
There was slane of the English band,
Fiue score of men I vnderstand.
The quhilk were cruell men and keue,
And of the Scots were slane fifteue.
And quhen the English Capitane,
Saw how his men were tane and slane.
And how the Scots sa few in number,
Had put them in sa great ane cumber.
He grew intill ane freuesy,
Sayand, false Forton I thee defy:
For I beleued this day at morne,
That he was not in Scotland borne,
That durst haue met me hand for hand,
Within

Within the boundes of my brand.
The Squyer bade him make gude cheir,
And said, it is bot chance of weir.
Great Conquerours I you assure,
Hes hapned sielike aduenture.
Threfore make mirrie and go dyne,
And let vs preiue the michtie wyne.
Some dranke wine and some drank aill,
Syne put the shippes vnder saill.
And wailled furth of the English band,
Twa hundereth men and put on land.
Quyetlie on the coast of Kent,
The laue in Scotland with them went.
The English Capitane as I ges,
He warded was in the Blacknes.
And treated him richt honestlie,
Together with his companie:
And held him in that Garnisoun,
Till they had payed their ransoun,
Out throw the land then sprang the fame,
That Squyer Meldrum was come hame.
¶ Quhen they heard tell how he debated,
With euerie man he was well treated.
That quhen he trauelled throw the land,
They banketed him fra hand to hand.
With great solace, till at the last,
Out throw Stratherne the Squyer past.
And as it did approach the nicht,
Of ane Castell he gat ane sicht,
Beside ane Mountaine in ane vaill,
And then after his great trauell:
He purposed him to repose,
Quhere ilke man did of him reioise:
Of this triumphand pleasand place,
Ane lustie ladie was Moistres.

Quhaes Lord was dead ſhort time before,
Quherefore her dolour was the more.
Bot yet ſhe tuke ſome comforting,
To heare the pleaſant dulce talking:
Of this young Squyer, and of his chance,
And how it hapned him in France.
This Squyer and the Ladie gent,
Did waſhe, and then to ſupper went.
During this nicht there was nocht elles,
Bot for to heare of his Nouelles.
Eneas quhen he fled from Troy,
Did not Queene Dido greater ioy:
Quhen he in Carthage did arryue,
And did the ſiege of Troy diſcriue.
The wonders that he did rehearſe,
Were lanſome for to put in verſe.
Of quhilk his Ladie did reioſe,
They dranke, and ſyne went to repoſe:
He fand his chalmer well arrayed,
With Dornick warke on burde diſplayed.
Of Uennilon he had his waill,
Gude Iquauitie, wine and aill.
With noble confites, bran and geill.
And ſa the Squyer fure richt weill.
Sa to heare mair of this narration,
This Ladie came to his Collation:
Sayand he was richt welcum hame,
Grandmercie then (quod he) Madame.
They paſt the time with ches and table,
For he to cucrie game was able.
Then vnto bed drew eueris wicht,
To chalmer went this Ladie bricht,
The quhilk this Squyer did conuoy,
Syne till his bed he went with ioy.
That nicht he ſleiped neuer ane winke,

Bot still did on his Ladie thine.
Cupido with his fyrie dart,
Did pearle him sa out throw the heart.
So all that nicht did nocht bot mourned,
Some time sat vp, and some time turned.
Sichand with many gant and grane,
To fair Venus makand his mane.
Sayand Ladie, quhat may this meane?
I was ane fre man late yestreene:
And now ane catiue bound and thrall,
For ane that I thinke floure of all.
I pray God sen she knew my minde,
How for her sake I am sa pynde.
Wald God I hadbene yet in France,
Or I had hapned sic mischance:
To be subiect to seruiture,
Till ane that takes of me na cure.
This Ladie iudged nere hand by,
And heard the Squyer plainly:
With dreadfull heart makand his mane,
With many cairfull gant and grane.
Her heart fulfilled of pittie,
Thocht she wald haue on him mercie:
And said, howbeit I could be slane,
He sall haue loue for loue againe.
Wald God I micht with my honour,
Haue him to be my Paramour.
This was the mirrie time of May,
Quhen this fair Ladie fresh and gay,
Start vp to take the helthsome air,
With Pantons on her feet ane pair.
Airlie on ane cleare morning,
Before fair Phœbus vpprising:
Kirtle alone withoutten clock,
And saw the Squyers dure vnlock.

She slipped in ere euer he wist,
And feinyetlie past to the kist,
And with her keyes opened the lokkes,
And made her to take furth aue boxe.
Bot that was not her eirand there,
With that this lustie young Squyer:
Saw this Ladie sa pleasantlie,
Come to his chalmer quyetlie:
In Kirtle of fine Damask broun,
Her goulden traces hangand doun.
Her papes were hard round and quhite,
Quhom to behald was great delite.
Like the quhite lillie was her lyre,
Her hare was like the red gould wyre.
Her shankes quhite withoutten hose,
Quhereat the Squyer did rejoise.
And said then now vailyie quod vailye,
Upon the Ladie now make aue sailye,
Her curtlike Kirtle was vnlaist,
And soone into his armes her braist:
And said to her, Madame gude morne,
Helpe me your man that is forlorne:
Without ye get me some remeid,
Withoutten doubt I am bot dead:
Quherefore ye must releeue my harmes,
With that he hint her in his armes:
And talked with her vpon the sure,
Syne quyetlie did bar the dure.
Squyer, (quod she) quhat is your will,
Thinke ye my Maidenheed to spill?
Na God forbid, it were great sin,
My Lord and ye was neir of kin.
Quherfore I mak you supplication
Pas and seke aue dispensation,
Then sall I wad you with ane ring,

Then

Then may ye liue at your lyking.
For ye are young, lustie and fair,
And als ye are your fathers air.
There is na Ladie in all this land,
May yon refuse to her husband.
And gif ye loue me as ye say,
Haste to dispense the best ye may.
And thereto I giue you my haud,
I sall you take to my husband.
Quod he, till that I may indure,
I vow to be your seruiture.
Bot I thinke great vexation,
To tarie vpon dispensation.
Then in his armes he did her thirst,
And either vther sweetlie kist.
And wame for wame they vther braissed
With that her kirtle was vnlaissed.
Then Cupido with his firie darts,
Inflamed sa thic louers hearts.
They micht na maner of wayes diseuer.
Nor ane micht part from ane vther.
Bot like wodbend they were baith wrapped,
There tenderlie he hes her happed.
Full softiie vp intill his bed,
Judge ye gif he her shankes shed.
Alas (quod she) quhat may this meane?
And with her hair she dicht her ene.
☞ I can not tell how they did play,
Bot I beleue she said not nay.
He pleased her as I heard sane,
That he was welcome ay againe.
She rais and tenderlie him kist,
And on his haud ane ring she thrist.
And he gaue her ane loue drurie,
Ane ring set with ane rich Rubie.

In

In token that their loue to; euer,
Should neuer from thir twa diſſeuer.
And then ſhe paſſed into her chalmer,
And fand her Maidens ſweet as Lamer:
Sleepand full ſound, and nothing wiſt,
How that their Ladie paſt to the kiſt.
Quod they, Madame quhere haue ye bene,
Quod ſhe, into my Garden grene:
To heare thir mirrie birds ſang,
I let you wit, I thocht not lang.
Thocht I had taried there quhill noone,
Quod they, quhere was your hoſe and ſhoone
Quhy yeed ye with your bellie bair?
Quod ſhe, the morning was ſa fair.
For be him that deare Jeſus ſauld,
I felt na wayes any maner of cauld.
Quod they Madame, we think ye ſweat,
Quod ſhe, ye ſee I ſuffer heat.
The dew did ſa on flowres fleet,
That baith my limmes are made weet.
Therefore ane quhyle I will heare ly,
Till this dulce dew be frame dry.
Riſe and gar make our denner reddie,
That ſall be done (quod they) my Ladie.
After that ſhe had tane her reſt,
She raiſ, and in her chalmer her dreſt.
And after Mes to denner went,
Then was the Squyer diligent:
To declare many ſundrie ſtorie,
Worthie to put in memorie.

¶ Quhat ſall we of thir Lovers ſay?
Bot all the time of ſaftie May:
They paſt the time with ioy and blis,
Full quyetlie with many ane kis:
There was na creature that knew,

Yet of thir louers chalmer glew;
And sa he lived pleasantlie,
Ane certain e time with his Ladie.
Some time with halking and hunting,
Some time with wanton horse running.
And some time like ane man of weir,
Full galzeardlie wald rin ane speir.
He wan the pryse aboue them all,
Baith at the buttes and the futeball.
Till euery solace he was able,
At carts and dyce, at chace and table.
☞ And gif ye list I sall you tell,
How that he seiged ane Castell:
Ane Messinger came spedilie,
From the Lennox to that Ladie:
And shew how that Maksagon,
And with him many bauld Barron:
Her castell he had taue perforce,
And neither left her kow nor horse.
And harryed all the land about,
Quhereof this Ladie had great doubt.
Till her Squyer she past in haste,
And shew him how she was oppress:
And how he wasted many ane myle,
Betwixt Dumbartane and Argyle.
☞ And quhen the Squyer Meldrum,
Had heard thir nouelles all and sum:
Intill his heart there grew sic ire,
That all his bodie brint in fire.
And swore it sould be full deare sauld,
Gif he micht finde them in that hauld.
He and his men did them addres,
Richt hastille in their harnes.
Some with bow and some with speir,
And he like Mars the God of weir.

Came to the Ladie and tuke his leaue,
And shé gaue him her richt hand gleaue.
The quhilk he on his Basnet bure,
And said Madame, I you assure,
That worthie Lancelot du lake,
Did neuer mair for his Ladies sake:
Nor I sall doe, or else die,
Without that ye reuenged be.
Then in her armes she him braist,
And he his leaue did take in haist.
And raid that day, and all the nicht,
Till on the morne he gat ane sicht
Of that Castell baith fair and strang,
Then in the midst his men amang:
To michtie Mars his bowe he made,
That he could neuer in heart be glade,
Nor yet returne furth of that land,
Quhil that strength were at his command.
All the tennents of that Ladie,
Came to the Squyer hastilie,
And made eath of fidelitie,
That they could neuer fra him flee.
Quhen to Makfarland wicht and bauld,
The veritie all haill was tauld:
How the young Squyer Meldrum,
Was now into that Countrey cum:
Purposand to siege that place,
Then vittelled he that fortres,
And swore he could that place defend,
Bauldlie vnto his lifes end.
Be this the Squyer was arrayit
With his braid Baner bricht displayit,
With Culbering, Hagbut, Bow and speire
Of Makfarland he tuike nay feir.
And like ane Champioun courageous

He

He cryed and said, gar ouer the house
The Captaine answered highly,
And said, Traytor we thee defie,
we shall remaine the house within
Into despite of all thy kin,
with that the Archers bauld and wicht,
Of braid arrowes let flee ane flicht:
Amang the Squyers companie,
And they againe richt manfullie.
with Hagbute, Bow and Culuerynе,
Quhilk put Makfarlands men to pyne.
And on their collars laid full sicker,
And there began the baitfull bicker.
There was bot shot and shot againe,
Till on like side there was men slane.
Then cryed the Squyer courageous,
Sweith lay the ledders to the hous.
And sa they did. and clam belyne,
As busie Bees dois to their hyue.
Howbeit there was slane many ane man,
Yet wicht lie ouer the walles they wan.
The Squyer formest of them all,
Planted the Banner ouer the wall.
And then began the mortall fray,
There was nocht eise bot take and slay.
Then Makfarland that made the praise,
From time he saw the Squyers face,
Upon his knees he did him yeeld.
Delyuer and him baith spetr and sheeld.
The Squyer heartlie him receiued,
Commandand that he sould be saued.
And sa did staike that mortell feud,
Sa that na man was put to dead.
In free warde was Makfarland sealed,
And let the laue gang quhere they pleased.

And sa the Squyer amorous,
Seiged and wan his Ladies house.
And left therein ane Capitane,
Syne to Stratherne returned againe.
Quhere that he with his fair Ladie,
Receaued was richt pleasantlie.
And to take rest did him conuoy,
Judge ye gif there was mirth and joy.
Howbeit the chalmer dore was closed,
They did bot kisse, as I supposed.
Gif vther thing was them betwene,
Let them discouer that louers bene.
For I am not in loue expert,
And neuer studied in that Art.
Thus they remained in mirrines,
Beleue and neuer to haue distres:
In that meane time this Ladie fair,
Ane dauchter to the Squyer bare.
Nane found was fairer of visage,
Then tuke the Squyer sic courage.
Againe the mirrie time of May,
Threttie he put in his luferay:
In Scarlot greue, and that richt fine,
Quhilk was ane semelie sicht to syne.
The Gentlemen in all that land,
Were glade with him to make ane band.
And he wald plainlie take their parts,
And not desyring bot their hearts.
Thus liued the Squyer pleasantlie,
With Musick and with Menstrallie:
Of this Ladie he was sa glad,
There micht na sorrow make him sad.
Ilke ane did vther consolation,
Taryand vpon dispensation.
Had it come hame, he had her bruiked,
Bot

Bot ere it came it was miſcubed:
And all this game he bocht full deare,
As ye at lenth ſall after heare.

Of warldlie ioy it was well kend,
That ſorrow bene the kattell end.
For ielouſie and falſe invy,
Did him perſew richt cruelly.
I maruell not thocht it be ſo,
For they were euer ioiners ſo.
Quhereeuer he ſtude in many ane ſtour,
And ay defended his honour.

Ane cruell Knicht dwelt neir hand by,
Quhilk at the Squyer had invy:
Imaginand intill his heart,
How he thir Louers micht depart:
And wald haue had her maryand,
Ane Gentleman within his land,
The quhilk to him was not in blude,
Bot finalie for to conclude.
Thereto ſhe wald neuer conſent,
Quherefore the Knicht ſet his intent:
This noble Squyer for to deſtroy,
And ſwore he ſould neuer haue ioy,
Intill his heart without remead,
Till ane of them were left for dead.
This valiant Squyer manfullie,
In earneſt and play did him defy:
Offer and hunſelfe for to aſſaill,
Bodie for bodie in battell.
The Knicht thereto not condiſcended,
Bot to betraiſe him ay intended.

Sa it fell anes vpon ane day,
In Edinburgh as I heard ſay:
This Squyer and the Ladie true,
Was their iuſt maters to perſew:

That cruell Knicht full of invy,
Gart hald on them ane secret spy:
Quhen he sould pas furth of the toun,
For this Squyers confusion.
Quhilk traisted na man sould him greeue,
Nor of treason had no beleeue.
And tuke his licence from his hoast,
And liberallie did pay his coast.
And sa departed blyth and mirrie,
With purpose to passe ouer the Ferrie.
He was but aucht men in his rout,
For of danger he had na doubt.
The spy came to the Knicht anone,
And him informed how they were gone.
Then gathered he his men in hy,
With threscore in his companie.
Accountered well in feir of weir,
Some with bow and some with speir.
And on the Squyer followed fast,
Till they did see him at the last,
With all his men richt well arrayed,
Of cruell men nothing effrayed.
And quhen the Ladie saw the rout,
God wait gif she stude in great doubt:
Quod she, your enemies I see,
Therefore sweet heart I reed you flee:
In the Countrey I will be kend,
Ye are na partie to defend.
Ye knaw yon Knichts crueltie,
That in his heart hes no mercie.
It is but ane that they wald haue,
Therefore deare heart your selfe ye saue.
Howbeit they take me with this traine,
I sall be soone at you againe.
For ye were neuer sa hard stade,

Madame

Madame (quod he) be ye not rade.
For be the halie Trinitie,
This day ane lute I will not flee.
And be he had ended his word,
He drew ane lang twa handed sword:
And put his aucht men in array,
And bade that they sould take na fray.
Then to the Squyer cryed the knicht,
And said, send me the Ladie bricht.
Do ye not sa, be Gods Croce,
I sall her take away perforce.
The Squyer said, be thou ane knicht,
Come forth to me and shaw the richt.
Bot hand for hand without redding,
That there be na mair blude shedding.
And gif thou winnes me in the field,
I sall my Ladie to thee yeild.
The knicht durst not for all his land,
Fecht with the Squyer hand for hand.
The Squyer saw na remead,
Bot either to fecht, or to be dead.
To heauen he lifted up his visage,
Cryand to God with hie courage.
To thee my querrell I do commend,
Syne bouted forward with ane bend.
With countenance baith bauld and stout,
He rudelie rushed in that rout.
With him his litle companie,
Quhilk them defended manfullie.
The Squyer with his birnest brand,
Amang his fa men made sic hand.
That Gaudifer as sayes the Letter,
At Gadders Ferrie faucht neuer better.
His sword he swapped sa about,
That he great roume made in the rout.

And

And like ane man that was diſpared,
His wapon ſa on them he wared:
Quhom euer he hat, as I heard ſay,
They did him na mair deere that day.
Quha euer came within his bounds,
He chaped not but mortall wounds.
Some mutilat were, and ſome were ſlain
Some fled, and came not yet againe:
He hat the Knicht aboue the breeſ.
That he fell forward on his kneeſ:
Were not Thom Giffard did him ſaue,
The Knicht had ſoone bene in his graue.
Bot then the Squyer with his brand,
Hat Thomas Giffard on the hand.
From that time furth during his life,
He neuer weilded ſword nor knife.
Then came ane fort as byrne as beirs,
And on him feſtned fiftene ſpeirs:
In purpoſe to haue borne him doun.
Bot he as forcie Champion,
Amang thay wicht men wrocht great won
For all they ſpeirs he ſhure in ſunder. (der
Nane durſt come neare him hand for hand.
Within the bounds of his brand.
This worthie Squyer curagious,
Wicht be compared to Tydeus.
Quhilk faucht for to defend his richts,
And ſlew of Thebes fiftie Knichts.
Rolland with Brandwel his bricht brand,
Faucht neuer better hand for hand.
Nor Gawen againſt Golibras,
Nor Olyver againſt Paarambras.
I wait he faucht that day as well,
As did ſir Grahame againſt Grayſteill.
And I dar ſay, he was als able,

As

As ony knicht of the round table:
And did his honour mair advance,
Nor ony of they Knichts perchance.
The quhilk I offer me to preif,
Gif that yee pleas Sirs with your leif.
¶ Amang they Knichts was made a bād
That they sould fecht bot hand for hand.
Assured that there sould come no mo,
With this Squyer it stude not so,
His stalward stour quha wald desryue,
Against ane man there was ay Fyue.
Quhen that this cruell Tyrane knicht,
Saw the Squyer sa wonder wicht,
And had no micht him to destroy,
Into his hart their grew sic noy,
That he was abill for to rage,
That na man micht his Ire asswage.
Fy on vs said he to his men,
Ay against ane sen we ar ten:
Chaip he away, we ar ashamed,
Lyke Cowards, we sall be defamed,
I had rather be in Helles pane,
Or he sould chaip fra vs vnflane:
And called three of his companie,
Said, pas behind him quyetlie,
And sa they did richt secretlie,
And came behind him cowertlie.
And hacked on his hoches and theis,
Till that he fell vpon his kneis,
And quhen his shanks wer shorne in sunder,
Vpon his kneis he wrocht great wonder,
Sweipand his sword round about,
Not hauand of the death no doubt.
Durst nane approch within his bounds,
Till that his cruell mortall wounds,

Bled sa that he did swap in swoun,
Perforce behoued him then fell doun.
And quhen he lay vpon the ground,
They gaue him mony cruell wound:
That men on far micht heare the knocks,
Like bouchers hakand on their stocks.
And finallie without remead,
They left him lyand there for dead.
With ma wounds of sword and knife,
Nor euer had man that keiped life.
Quhat sould I of thir traytours say?
Quhen they had done, they fled away.
Vor then this luftie Ladie fair,
With dolent heart she made sic cair:
Quhilk was great pitie for to rehearse,
And langsome for to put in verse.
With teares she wish his bloudie face,
Sichand with mony sad alace.
Alas, quod she, that I was borne,
In my querrell thou art forlorne.
Sall neuer man after this houre,
Of my bodie haue mair pleasure.
For thou was gemme of gentleues,
And very well of worthines.
Then to the earth she rushed doun,
And lay intill ane deadlie swoun.
Be that the Regent of the land,
Fra Edinburgh came fast rydand,
Sir Anthony Darsie was his name
Ane Knicht of France, ane man of fame:
Quhilk had the gyding hallie,
Under Iohn Duke of Albanie.
Quhilk was to our yang King tutour,
And of all Scotland Gouernour.
Our King was but fiue yeare of age,

That

That time quhen done was the outrage.
Quhen this gude Knicht the Squyer saw,
Thus lyand intill his dead thraw:
Wo is me (quod he) to see this sicht,
On the quhilk worthie was and wicht.
Wald God that I had bene with thee,
As thou in France was anes with mee,
Into the land of Picardy,
Quhere Englishmen had great inbye
To haue me slane, as they intended,
Bot manfullie thou me defended:
And valiantlie did saue my life.
Was neuer man with sword nor knife.
Not Hercules I dare well say,
That euer fanght better for ane day.
Defendand me within ane stound,
Thou dang wir Sutheron to the ground.
I may thee make na helpe alace,
Bot I sall follow on the chase,
Nicht spedilie baith day and nicht,
Till I may get that cruell Knicht.
I make ane vow gif I may get him,
Intill ane Prison I sall set him.
And quhen I heare that thou bees dead,
Then sall my hands straik off his head.
With that he gaue his horse the spurres,
And spedelie flew ouer the furres.
He and his gaird with all their micht,
They ran till they ouertuke the Knicht.
Quhen he approcht, he lichted doun,
And like ane valiant Campion,
He tuke the tyrane prisonar,
And sent him backward to Dumbar.
And there remained in prison,
Ane certaine time in that Doungeoun.

Let him ly there, with meikle cair:
And speik weel of our kynd Squyer:
Of quhome we cannot speik but gude,
Quhen he lay bathand in his bluide.
His freinds, and his Ladie fair,
They made for him sik dule and cair,
Quhilk wer great pitie for to deplore,
Of that mater I speak no moir.
They send for Leiches haistelie,
Syne bure his bodie tenderlie,
To ludge intill ane faire Ludging,
Quhair he receiued Medecine:
The greatest Leiches of the land,
Come all to him without cõmand,
And all practiks on him prouit,
Because he was sa weill beloued,
They tuike on hand his lyfe to saue,
And he them gaue quhat they wald haue.
Bot he sa lang lay into paine,
He turned to be ane Chirurgiane.
And als be his naturall Ingyne,
He learned the Art of Medicine.
He saue them on his bodie wrocht,
Quherfore the Science was dear bocht.
Bot efterward quhen he was haill,
He spared nether coist nor trauell,
To proue his practiks on the paire,
And ourthem proued many ane cure:
On his expenses, without reward,
Of Monie he tuike na regard.

¶ Yet sum thing will wer cõmon mair
Of this Ladie that made sik cair:
Quhilk to the Squyer was mair paine,
Nor all his woundis in certaine.
And then hir Freinds did conclude,

Because shee micht doe him na gude,
That shee sould tak hir leiue and go,
To hir Countrie and, and shee did so,
Bot thir Lufers met neuer againe,
Quhilk to them was ane last and paine.
For shee against hir will was maried,
Quherthrow hir Weird she daylie waried.
Howbeit hir bodie was absent,
Her tender Hairt was ay present.
Baith nicht and day with hir Squyer,
Was neuer Creature made sik cair.
Penelope for Vlisses,
I wat had no greater distres,
Nor Cressed for true Troylus,
Was not tent part so dolorus.
I wat it was against hir hairt,
That shee did from hir Luif depairt.
Helene had not sa mekle noy,
Quhen shee perforce was brocht to Troy.
I leaue hir then with Hairt full sore,
And speak now of our Squyer mere.
☞ Quhē this Squyer was hail and sound
And softlie micht gang on the ground.
To the Regent he did complaine,
Bot the Regent was ouer soone flaine,
Be David Hume of Wedderburne,
The quhilk gart manie French man mourne
For there was none mair Noble Knicht,
Mair walzeant, mair wyse, mair wicht.
And soone efter that crueltie,
The Knicht was put to libertie:
Quha had the Squyer sore oppreſt,
So was his marer left vndrest
Because the King was zoung of age,
Then Tyrans rang into their rage.

Bot afterward, as I heard say,
On Striviling bridge vpon ane day,
This Knicht was slane with crueltie,
And that day gat na mair mercie,
Nor he gaue to our young Squyer,
I say na mair, let him ly there.
For cruell men ye may well see,
They end oft times with crueltie.
For Christ to Peter said this word,
Quha euer strikes with aue sword:
That man sall be with ane sword slane,
That sawis suth, I tell you plaine.
He meanes quha straiks cruellie,
Againe the Law without mercie.
Bot this Squyer to nane offended,
Bot manfullie himselfe defended.
He was neuer man with sword nor knyfe.
May saue their honour and their life.
As did this Squyer all his dayes,
With many terrible effrayes.
Wald I at lenth his life declare,
I micht well wryte ane vther Quare:
Bot at this time I may not mend it,
Bot shew you how the Squyer ended.
¶ There dwelt in Fyfe ane aged Lord,
That of the Squyer heard record:
And did desyre richt heartfullie,
To haue him in his companie:
And sent for him with diligence,
And he came with obedience.
And lang time did with him remaine.
Of quhome this aged Lord was faine.
Wyse men desires commonlie,
Wise men into their companie.
For he had bene in many land.

In Flanders, France, and in England,
Quherefore the Lord gaue him the cure,
Of his houshalde I you assure.
And in his hall chief Marshall,
And auditour to his compts all.
He was ane richt Courticiane,
And in the Law aue practiciane.
Quherefore during this Lords lyfe,
Schiref deput he was in Fife.
To euery man ane equall judge,
And of the pure he was refudge.
And with justice did them supporte,
And cured their soares with great comforte.
For as I did rehearse before,
Of Medicine he tuke the Lore.
Quhen he saw the Chirurgiens,
Upon him do their diligens.
Experience made him perfite,
And of the Science tuke he delite:
That he did many thirtie cure,
And specialtie vpon the pure:
Without reward on his expenses,
Without regarde or recompense.
No gould or siluer, or to rent,
This noble Squyer tuke litle tent:
Of all this warld na mair he craued,
Sa that his honour micht be saued.
And like yeare for his Ladies sake,
Ane Banket Royall wald he make:
And that he made on the Sunday,
Preceedand to Aschwednesday:
With wyld fouls, venison and wyne,
With Tart and Flame, and Fenage fine.
Of Bran and Gruit there was na skant,
And Impocras he did nocht want.

I haue

I haue seene sittand at his Table,
Lords, and Lairds honourable:
Baith Knichts and many ane gay Squyer
Quhilk wer to lang for to declair,
With Mirth, Musick and Menstralie,
All this, he did for his Ladie.
And for hir sake during his lyfe,
Wald neuer be wedded to ane wyfe,
And quhen he did decline to age,
Hee neuer failed of his Courage.
Of antique Stories for to tell,
Aboue all vthers he did precell:
Sa that euerilk Creature,
To heir him speak they tuke pleasure,
Bot all his deids honourable,
For to descriue I am not able.
Of euerie man hee was commended,
And as he liued so he ended:
Pleasandlie till he might indure,
Till dreidfull Death came to his dure,
And cruellie with his mortall Dairt,
Strake this kynd Squyer throch the Hairt
His Saule with Joy Angelicall,
Past to the Heauen Imperiall.
Thus at the Sruther into Fyfe,
This Noble Squyer lost his lyfe.
I pray to Christ for to conuoy,
All sik true Luifers to his Joy.
Say yee Amen for Charitie,
A Dieu, yee get na mair of me.

THE TESTAMENT OF THE NOBLE AND VALIANT Squyer *William Meldrum* of the Binnes.

Compyled be Sir *David Lindsay* of Mont Knicht.

The holy man Job ground of patience,
In his great trouble truely did report
Quhilk I persaue now be Experience,
That mens life in earth bene wonder short:
My by past time was spent in weir & sport,
My youth is gane, I thinke it bot a dreame,
Yet after death remaine sall my gude fame.

I perceaued shortly that I man pay the det,
To me in earth no place bene permanent:
My heart on it na mair now will I set,
Bot with the help of God Omnipotent,
With resolute minde go make my testamēt,
And take my leaue at Cuntry men and kyn,
And all the woꝛld, and thus I will begin.

Thir Lords to me sall be Executours,
Lyndesayes all thre in surname of renoun:
Of my Testamēt they sal haue hail the cure,
To put my minde till Execution:
That surname failled neuer to the Croun,
Na mair will they to me, I am richt sure,
Quhilk is the cause that I gaue them ꝑ cure

First David Earle of Craufurde wise & wicht
And John Lord Lindesay my master speciall,
The third sall be ane noble trauelled knicht,
Quhilk knaws the costs of feasts funerall,
The wyse sir Walter Lindesay they him call:
Lord of S. Iohn and knicht of Torphichane
Be sea and land ane valiant Campion.

Thocht age hes made my bodie impotent,
Yet in my heart hie courage doth prcell:
Quherefore I leaue to God with gude intent,
My spirit the quhilk he hes made immortall,
Intill his Court perpetuallie to dwell:
And neuer more to steir furth of that stead,
Till Christ discend to judge baith quick & dead

I you beseek my Lords Executours,
My geir giue till the nert of my kinrent:
It is well kend I neuer tuke na cures,
Of conquessing, of riches nor of rent:
Dispone as ye think maist erpdient:
I neuer tuke cure of gold more then the glas,
Without honour, fy, fy, vpon riches.

I you requeist my friends ane and all,
And Noble men of quhom I am discended:
Faill not to be at my feast funerall,
Quhilk throw the warld I traist sall be cõmen
Ye knaw how ỳ my fame I haue defẽdit, (dit
During my lyfe vnto the latter heure,
Quhilk sould to you be infinite pleasure,

First of my bowels clenge my bodie clene,
Within and out, syne wash it well with wyne,
Bot honestie see that nothing be sene,
Syne close it in ane costlie carued schrine,
Of Cyder trees, or of the Cyper fine:
Anoint my corps with Balme delicious,
With Cynamone and spyces precious.

In twa tasses of gold and precious stanes,
Inclose my hart and tongue richt craftilie:
My sepulture syne gar make for my banes.
Into the Temple of Mars triumphantlie,
Of Marble stanes carued richt curiouslie:

Quhere

Quherein my kist and banes ye shall close,
In that triumphant Temple to repose.

Mars, Venus and Mercurious all thrie,
Gaue me my naturall inclinations:
Quhilk rang the day of my Natiuitie,
And sa their heauenlie constellations,
Did me support in many Nations,
Mars made me hardie like ane fierce Lyoun,
Quherethrow I conquest honour and renoun

Quho list to knaw the acts Bellicall,
Let them ga read the Legend of my life,
There sall they finde the deeds martiall,
Victoriously wt speir, shield, sword and knife.
Quherefore to Mars the God armipotent,
My corps inclosed till him ye do present.

Make offering of my tongue rethoricall
Till Mercurius quhilk gaue me Eloquence,
In his Temple to hing perpetuall,
I can make him na better recompence:
For quhen I was brocht to the presence,
Of kings of Scotland, England and in France,
My ornate tongue my houour did aduance.

To fresh Venus my hart ye sall present,
Quhilk lies to me bene ay comfortable:
And in my face sic grace she did impyrent,
All creatures did thinke me amiable:
Women to me she made fauourable,
Was neuer Ladie that luked in my face,
Bot honestly I did obtein her grace.

My friend sir David Lindesay of the Mont,
Sall put in ordour my processione:
I will that there pas formest in the front

To beare my Penſell ane wicht Campion,
With him ane band of Mars his Religion,
That is to ſay, in ſteed of Monks and Friers,
In gude order a thouſand hagbuters.

Next them a thouſand futemen in a rout,
With ſpeir & ſhield, with buckler, bow & brand:
In ane Luferay yong ſtalwart men and ſtout
Thirdlie in ordour there ſall come a band:
Of Noble men readie to wrake their harmes,
Their Captane with my ſtandert in his hand,
On bairded horſe an hundereth men in armes.

Amang that band my Baner ſall be borne,
Of ſilver ſarne, thre Otters into ſable:
With taberne, trumpet, clarion and horne,
Fourtie men of armes very convenable.
Next after them ane Campion honourable,
Sall beare my Baſnet with my funerall.
Syne after him in ordour triumphall,

My armeing ſword, my gloues of plait & ſhield,
Borne by ane forcy Campion or ane Knicht:
Quhilk did me ſerue in many dangerous field.
Next after him ane man in armour bricht,
Upon ane Jonet or ane Curſour wicht,
The quhilk ſall be ane man of great honour,
Upon ane ſpeir to beir my coat armour.

Syne next my Beir ſall come my Corſpreſent
My bardit horſe, my harnes and my ſpeir:
With ſome great man of my awne kinrent,
As I was wont on my bodie to beir,
During my time quhen I went in the Weir,
Quhilk ſall be offered with ane gay garment,
To Mars his Preſt at my interement.

Mule Weeds I think hypocriſie and ſcorne,

with

With hudes heckled doun ouer thoir their eine:
With men of armes my bodie sall be borne,
Into that band see that no black be seine,
My Luferay sall be red, blew and greine,
The reid for Mars, the greine for fresh Venus,
The blew for loue of God Mercurius.

About my Beir sall ryde ane multitude,
All of my Luferay of my cullours three:
Earles and Lords, Knichts and men of gude,
Ilk Barron bearand in his hand on hie,
Ane Lowrer branche in signe of victorie:
Because I fled neuer out of the field,
Nor yet as prisoner vnto my foes yeeld.

Againe that day saill not to warne and call
All men of Musick and of Menstralie:
About my Beir with myrths Musicall,
To dance and sing with heauenlie harmony,
Whose pleasant sound redound sall in the sky.
My spirit I wait sall be with mirth and joy,
Wherefore with mirth my corps ye sal conuoy

This beand done, and all things ruled richt,
Then pleasantlie make your progression,
Whilk I beleue sall be ane pleasant sicht,
So that ye thoill na Priest in my procession,
Without he be of Venus profession:
Wherfore gar warne of Venus chapel Clarks
Whilk hes bene maist exerced in their warks.

With ane Bishop of that Religion,
Solemnlie gar them sing my sauill messe,
With Organe, Timpane and with Clarion,
To shew their Musick duely them addres,
I will that day be heard no heaumes:
I will na seruice of the Requiem,

Bot

But Alleluya with melodie and game.

After the Euangell and the Offertour,
Throw all the Temple gar proclame silence:
Then to the Pulpet gar ane Oratour,
Pas vp and schaw in open audience,
Solemnedlie with ornat Eloqnence,
At great leasure the Legend of my life,
How I haue stand in many stalwart strife.

Quhen he hes red my Buke from end til end,
And of my life made true narration:
All creatures I wait will me commend,
And pray to God for my saluation:
Then after this solemnizaiton
Of seruice, and all brocht to ane end,
With grauitie see yee my bodie wend.

And close it vp into ane sepulture,
There to repose till the great judgment,
The quhilk may not corrupt I you assure,
Be vertew of the precious Oyntment,
Of Balme, and vther spyces redolent:
Let not be rung for me that day saull knelles,
Bot great cannons gar them crak for belles.

Ane thousand hagbuts gar schute all at anes,
With swash tabers, and trumpets awfullie:
Let neuer spare the poulder nor the stanes,
Quhaes thūdering sonō redound sal in the sky
That Mars may heare, quhere he triumphantly
Aboue Phœbus is situate full euen,
Maist awfull God vnder the starrie heauen.

And syne hing vp aboue my sepulture,
My brycht harnes, my schield and als my speir:
Togethee with my courtly coat armure,
Quhilk I was wont vpon my bodie beir,

In

In France, in England being at the weir.
My Baner, Baslnet, with my Temperall,
As bene the vse of feasts funerall.

This beand done, I pray you take the paine,
My Epitayh to wryte vpon this wayes,
Aboue my graue in golden letters fyne,
Of The maist inuincible weirlour here lyes,
During his time quhilk wan sic laud & praise,
That throw the heauen sprang his noble fame,
Victorious William Meldrum was his Name.

Adiew my Lords I may na langer tary,
My Lord Lindesay adiew aboue ane vther:
I pray to God, and to the Virgine Mary,
With your Ladie to line lang in the Struther.
Master *Patrik* & yong Normand your brother,
With my Ladies your sisters all adiew,
And sa fairwel I may not tary now.

Bot maist of all the fair Ladies of France,
Quhen they hear tel but dout that I am dead.
Extreme dolour wil change their countenance
Quhen thir nouelles does into England spred,
And for my sake will wear the murning weid
Of London then the lustie Ladies cleir,
Will for my sake make dule and dirie cheir.

Of Craigfergus my dayes darling adiew,
In all Ireland of feminine the floure,
In your querrell twa men of war I slew,
Quhilk purposed to do you dishonour,
Ye sould haue bene my spouse and paramour,
With rent and riches for my recompence,
Quhilk I refused throw youth and insolence.

Fairwell ye Lemant Lamps of lustines,
Of fair Scotland adiew my Ladies all:

During

During my time with ardent busines,
Ye knaw how I was in your seruice thrall,
Ten thousand times adew aboue them all.
Scarne of Stratherne my Ladie Soueraine,
For you I shed my blude with mekle paine.

Yet wald my Ladie luke at euen & morrow,
On my Legend, at lenth she wald not mis,
How for her sake I suffered mekle sorrow.
Yet giue I micht at this time get my wis,
Of her sweet mouth, deare God I had aue kis.
I wish in vaine, alas, we will disseuer,
I say na mair, sweet heart adieu for euer.

Brethren in Armes adieu in generall,
For me I wait your hearts bene full sore:
All true companions into speciall,
I say to you adieu for euermore,
Till that we meet againe with God in glore,
Sir Curat now giue me in continent,
My Crysme with the holy Sacrament.

My Spirit heartlie I recommend
In manus tuas Domine,
My hope to thee is till ascend,
Rex quia redimisti me,
Fra sinne Resurrexisti me:
Or else my soule had bene forlorne,
With Sapience docuisti me,
Blest be the houre that thou was borne.